

The history

But now you haue it take it.

*Dio:* VVhose was it?

*Cres:* And by all *Dianas* wayting women yond  
And by her selfe I will not tell you whose.

*Dio:* To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,  
And grieue his spirit that dares not challenge it.

*Troy:* VVert thou the diuell, and wor't it on thy horne,  
It should be challengd.

*Cres:* VVell, well, tis done, tis past: and yet it is not.  
I will not keepe my word.

*Dio:* VVhy then farewell, thou neuer shalt mocke *Diomed*  
again.

*Cres:* You shall not goe: one cannot speake a word but it  
straight starts you.

*Dio:* I doe not like this fooling.

*Ther:* Nor I by *Pluto*; but that that likes not you, pleases  
me best.

*Dio:* VVhat shall I come? the houre--

*Cres:* I come; O *Ioue*: do come, I shall be plagued.

*Dio:* Farewell till then.

*Cres:* Good night, I prethee come:

*Troilus* farewell, one eye yet lookes on thee,

But with my heart the other eye doth see;

Ah poore cur fox, this fault in vs I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind,

VVhat error leads must erre: O then conclude,

„ Mindes swayd by eyes are full of turpitude. *Exit.*

*Ther:* A prooffe of streng h, she could not publish more,

Vnlesse shee said my mind is now turn'd whore.

*Vlis:* All's done my Lord.

*Troy:* It is.

*Vlis:* VVhy stay we then?

*Troy:* To make a recordation to my soule  
Of euery fillable that here was spoke:

But if I tell how these two did Court,

Shall I not lye in publishing a truth,

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth inuert th'actest of eyes and eares,

As

of *Troilus* and *Cressida*

As if those organs were deception  
Created onely to calumniate. Was

*Vlis:* I cannot coniure *Trojan*.

*Troyl:* Shee was not sure.

*Vlis:* Most sure she was.

*Troy:* Why my negation hath

*Vlis:* Nor mine my Lord: *Cressida*

*Troyl:* Let it not be belecu'd for

Thinke we had mothers, do not g

To stubborn Critiques apt witho

For dep'auation, to square the gen

By *Cressida*'s rule. Rather thinke th

*Vli:* What hath she done Prince

*Troyl:* Nothing at all, vnlesse th

*Ther:* Will a swagger himse

*Troyl:* This she, no this is *Diomed*

If beauty haue a soule this is not

If soules guide vowes, if vowes be

If sanctimony be the gods deligh

If there be rule in vnitie it selfe,

This was not shee: O madnesse of

That cause sets vp with and again

By-sould authority: where reaso

Without perdition, and losse affi

Without reuolt. This is and is no

Within my soule there doth cond

Of this strange nature, that a thin

Diuides more wider then the skie

And yet the spacious bredth of t

Admits no orifex for a point as su

As *Ariachna*'s broken woofe to e

Instance, O instance strong as *Plu*

*Cressida* is mine, tied with the bo

Instance, O instance, strong as hea

The bonds of heauen are split, di

And with another knot finde fin

The fractions of her faith, ores of

The fragments, scraps, the bits an